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It's Probably Spy Stuff



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Chapter 1 by Brandy

The paper in my hand read: The scorpion dances at dawn.

I glanced around the empty library, but there was no one around. The book I'd pulled down was musty and covered in a thin layer of dust. I didn't know what the note meant, only that it wasn't for me.

Chapter 2 by R



I should have let it go, should have stuffed the book back and forgot about it. So I did.

You have to understand how often this happens. Every so often someone will offer me code words, or hand me papers, or I'll find stuff lying around with vague yet menacing secret messages.

Though I'm not certain, I'm pretty sure someone's got it in to my head that I'm some sort of spy. Which would be cool and all, except I'm not. I could get arrested if they thought I was a spy, given the fact I work as a cook to some important govermental people who I won't mention here

~~Still, it was annoying. I kind of wanted to report whoever this was, or maybe just get them to~~

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Not that I could understand

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Chapter 2 by Omgimthinkin



I realized that almost none of the great spies started as an amazing one. The only way to improve is by practice. Because of this, the best course of action for me to take would be to find what this would reference. In addition, I really wanted to be a spy.

As I looked through the many dusty shelves for a clue, I found the jackpot. On the spine of a small, red journal was a bright red scorpion insignia. I went out to grab it. I thought, "It's now or never!"

When the book came out, I was showered in dust. This book must have not been read in a very long time. As I opened the journal, I was greatly disappointed. The journal was empty.

As I continued to flip through the small journal, I found a clue. On the last page, written in small, crude letters, said, "Go to thy Tower of London, February 22, 1999."

"That's only a few days away," I exclaimed, "I have an appointment to make, on the double!"

Chapter 4 by -



The night was getting on I shoved the book in my bag and started to head home. It was windy and cold but the moon still lighted a path and illuminated up buildings.

I thought about the clue it was four days till my 'appointment' at the tower of London.

I started to think about being a spy and I was still just a rookie. But if I solve this case it could send up in the rankings.

I got to my drive and was about to open the front door when I saw a letter. Specifically written for me, as it had my name written all over it in blood.

Chapter 5 by -



add a lesser known holiday

I got into bed and tried to forget about the whole thing. I couldn't I jumped straight up. "That's it

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then to the door and grabbed my bag.

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I turned it on: chug chug chug chuee. I try again: chug chug chug chuee. That was that I was walking. But the tower of London was like 4 km away. I'm actually french but I got sent hear for a holiday but my boss gave me this assignment.

So I walked on.

Chapter 6 by BurnOut21



I was walking for miles it felt like i had been walking all day.

But eventually i made it to the tower and just how i dreamed there was note with my name on it but this time is was written in a Pink Marker which did look kind of like blood .

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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